

REPUBLICANS INADVERTENTLY TELL DAMAGING TRUTHS

"What we want here is white labor, —white, **white, WHITE** to compete with Hawaiians," declared a Republican orator on the stump at Moiliili last Wednesday evening. "We want white immigrants, do you hear me? white, **white, WHITE!**"

The Republicans are unfortunate enough to have selected as one of their campaign orators a man who, in certain moments of exhilaration, tells the truth —and it is the truth that hurts the Republican party. It is the truth that they can't stand, and Judge W. H. Stanley's speech at Moiliili, in which he did the unprecedented thing, for a Republican, of telling the truth, has damaged the Republican cause more than anything the Democrats would have thought of saying.

Judge Stanley's speech was illuminating as defining exactly what the Republican policy, as dictated by the special interests, really is. The judge appeared on the stand attired in a dress suit, having just come from a banquet, and immediately began to make his Republican brethren squirm. He stated that he was an Englishman born, but was an American citizen because he couldn't help it, having been made a voter by virtue of the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. He seemed to regret this very much, but was ready to bear the ignominy with Christian resignation. At the same time, he commiserated with the Hawaiians for having been involved in the same calamity.

Then Mr. Stanley turned his attention to the Republican candidate for county treasurer. "The reason Mr. Trent has been elected three times running," he said, "is because the Republicans have never before put up a decent man against him." Which is extremely complimentary to Harry von Holt, Fred Waterhouse, George Beckley, and the late Charles Booth, all of whom have been candidates on the Republican ticket for the treasurer'ship and three of whom are yet regarded as Republican wheelhorses. "We have never before had a decent candidate for the office," repeated Judge Stanley, "but this time we have."

"The Republican candidate for the treasurer'ship, gentlemen, is not a Christian. He is not a Methodist or a Baptist or a Mormon or an Episcopalian or of any other God-damned religion. Therefore you ought to vote for him."

By this time the Republican leaders on the platform and in the audience were frantic and were trying by every

means in their power to make Stanley shut up, but he was wound up and refused to pay any attention to their kicks, stage whispers, horrified countenances and other strong hints, but sailed gaily ahead with his damning truths.

"We want white labor here, to compete with the Hawaiians," he continued, whereat several native voters snorted and left the meeting in enlightened disgust. "We don't want people of other nationalities; we want whites, **whites, WHITES!** And if you want white labor, you must vote for the white candidates and get white labor to compete with the Hawaiians."

Whereat several of the candidates and all the party leaders threw several different kinds of fits.

Bob Shingle, candidate for the treasurer'ship, arrived hurriedly, explaining as, attired still in an overcoat, he took his place on the platform, that he didn't know what the people of Moiliili wanted him to talk about, as he was late, having just come from a fine dinner. But, Mr. Shingle, too, told one truth that, while unintentional, is likewise illuminating.

"The Republican party," he said, "is the only party in Hawaii that has ever represented the interests!"

"You're right," yelled the Democrats, who constituted most of the audience. "The Republican party represents the special interests."

Mr. Shingle and Judge Stanley each told the truth concerning the aims and ambitions of the Republican party, but they are each due for a severe calldown from the party managers, for the truth is something that the Republicans in this campaign cannot afford to tell. Better can they afford to follow the example set by Norman Watkins at the meeting at which he spoke, where he contented himself by applying the epithet "liar" to every Democrat whose name he mentioned. Fred Turill was a liar, Link McCandless was a liar, R. H. Trent a liar, all Democrats were liars, according to Mr. Watkins. And this was about the extent of his magnificent oratory.

It has not yet been learned whether or not E. D. Tenney has done this year as he did two years ago—sent out letters to all the plantation managers, ordering them to elect Mr. Watkins. "Mr. Watkins **must** be elected," wrote Mr. Tenney, during the last campaign—and Mr. Tenney's letters defeated Mr. Watkins.

REPUBLICANS RESORT TO DESPERATE MEASURES

Desperate in their extremity, fearful of the wrath that is upon them, the Republicans have reached the point of folly where they are resorting to coercion and intimidation in a hopeless attempt to bolster up their losing cause. Whatever respect they may once have had for law and decency has been sunk in their straining efforts to win at any cost and by any means.

Men in the employ of Republican corporations have been threatened with summary dismissal unless they would promise to stop advocating the principles of Democracy. In its folly and fatuous tyranny the Republican oligarchy has gone even farther. Men who have dared to oppose the selfish policy advocated by the sugar barons and their dependents have actually been discharged from their positions, on no ground other than that they have refused to stand for the evil conditions that now prevail in this sugar-coated Territory.

Up to the present there have been no reports of men being sandbagged or clubbed for advocating Democracy and refusing to accept the dictates of those who, by virtue of their inflated bank accounts, own the Territory of Hawaii and juggle with the rights of its citizens, but it is nearly three weeks yet

until election and no one can say what may happen in that time.

Do the sugar plantation barons, the Republican bosses, the lords of the earth, the "Few of Us," think that the voters of Hawaii are going to tolerate such methods long? Are they so blind that they cannot see the cloud, now considerably larger than a man's hand, that is looming on the political horizon? Coercion and intimidation, the last desperate weapons of affrighted Republicanism in Hawaii, will inevitably prove to be boomerangs when the voters have an opportunity, on the 8th of next November, to say what they think of such warfare.

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Drunken men often speak the truth.

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The funniest thing in the whole campaign so far is the squabble between "T. R." and Lorrin Thurston. Each inadvertently let slip a few truths concerning Republicanism in Hawaii that are rather illuminating. The editorial brawl brings to mind once more the slippery way in which Kuhio last July managed to avoid taking a stand on the prohibition question. It took hard work on the part of the Advertiser to smoke him out and get him to tell in advance how he was going to vote.

GRATUITOUS INSULT TO THE PEOPLE

When the legislature of 1909 provided Walter F. Frear, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii by the grace of William Howard Taft, with a contingent fund of \$50,000, it was not with the intention that His Excellency should use the money gratuitously to insult not only the legislators themselves, but also the electorate of the Territory. But that is the use to which Governor Frear, high priest of Republicanism ex-officio, has put at least a part of the money entrusted to his care.

Hardly had the legislature adjourned and the members scattered to their homes, when the Governor metaphorically put his thumb to his nose and twiddled derisive fingers at them. Hardly a dignified gesture, perhaps, for so ultra-dignified a gentleman, but a man with \$50,000 of pin money to spend as he pleases can afford to be a little gay and festive, especially when he thinks what a beautiful opportunity he has to show the vulgar crowd of voters how little they really are in the estimation of their lord and master, the chief executive of the Territory.

When the salary appropriation bill was under consideration, the legislature with intent to prevent useless extravagance and prune out unnecessary offices, decided that one deputy was all the attorney general needed, so they provided a salary of \$250 a month for Mr. Sutton, and cut the other deputy out entirely. This was not done until after the matter had been thoroughly discussed.

But see what happened. As soon as the legislature adjourned, leaving him with his \$50,000 of pin money to play with, Governor Frear dipped his hand into the bag and pulled out an extra \$50 a month for Deputy Attorney General Sutton.

Finding that an amusing game, Governor Frear, who is Governor chiefly of the Republican party, dipped in again and pulled out a salary of \$200 a month for a second deputy that the legislature had decreed the attorney general did not need and should not have. Mr. Lymer was appointed second deputy and presented with this snug little salary, which he has been drawing ever since.

Governor Frear is going to show the people of this Territory who is boss. He wants them distinctly to understand that he is going to do as he pleases, no matter what the voters want. Voters! What have they got to say about it, anyway? They didn't elect Walter F. Frear governor, did they? Well, hardly. If Frear had had to depend upon the votes of the electorate, he couldn't have been elected poundmaster. But he didn't. He was appointed by Big Bill Taft, head luna of the Republican party of the United States of America, at the request of the Republican bosses and the sugar interests of Hawaii—and well he has served his masters.

The people? Huh, what have the people to say about it. They don't suppose, surely, that the government is for them? It is for the "interests," for those few who own about all that is worth owning in Hawaii and who are trying earnestly to grab the rest.

If the Governor's snobbishness ever reaches the point where he thinks he needs a crest to maintain his proper dignity, it might be well to suggest to him a whiskered man, rampant on a field argent, twiddling his fingers with his thumb at his nose.

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"To hell with the Portuguese vote; we do not need it."—Harry Murray in 1906.

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"Vote the straight ticket, everybody."—Harry Murray in 1910.

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Times change and men change with them, but the Portuguese will not forget so easily.

SHINGLE PROMISES TO VIOLATE OATH OF OFFICE

Robert W. Shingle, candidate on the Republican ticket for the office of city and county treasurer, has announced what he will and will not do if he is elected on November 8. For unqualified foolishness, colossal impudence and willful attempt to deceive the voters, the statements he made at the Republican meeting held last Tuesday evening at the corner of Liliha and School streets have never been equalled.

Of Mr. Shingle's speech the Advertiser of Wednesday morning had the following to say:

"If he was elected treasurer, and he expected to be, said Shingle, for one thing he wouldn't pay the new mayor's warrant if he had a secretary that pulled him around by the coat tails as was the case with the present mayor; he would he cash the steam roller's expense warrant if that machine was going to be used to haul around half a dozen wagons and thus taking work out of the hands of the voters who should be given the job of driving each a separate wagon on the road work."

Indeed! Since when, pray tell, has the treasurer had the right to refuse to cash a properly drawn and approved warrant?

Mr. Shingle, if elected, intends, according to the only possible interpretation of his own statement, to usurp the functions of the mayor and the board of supervisors. He intends to violate his own oath of office. He declares that he will exercise the veto power, will refuse to pay bills approved by the board of supervisors and the mayor, the ones to whom the people delegate the right to order the payment of bills.

Even if it were to turn out that John Lane were elected mayor and had a secretary to "pull him around by the coat tails," what is that to the city and county treasurer? That officer is not elected to prevent mayors being pulled around by the coat tails, and if the mayor and the board of supervisors should decide to hire a private secretary to perform that athletic stunt, paying him a certain salary therefor, Mr. Bob Shingle, if he were treasurer, could not refuse to cash the salary warrant of such secretary. If he did refuse, he would be very promptly impeached and removed from office. Mr. Shingle knows that very well, unless he is utterly ignorant of the duties of the office to which he aspires.

Neither is it any of the business of the treasurer whether or not the steam roller is used to pull around half a dozen wagons. The business of the treasurer is to be responsible for the municipal funds placed in his keeping and to hand out the moneys he is directed by the board of supervisors and the mayor to expend.

Perhaps Mr. Shingle's little grandstand play that he wants to give each of the voters a job driving a separate wagon on the road work is intended to gain him votes, but Mr. Shingle must greatly underestimate the good sense of the voters if he thinks for a minute that any of them will believe that Mr. Shingle could do this—or would do it if he could.

At any other time than when he is running for office, Bob Shingle would be greatly insulted at being taken for the fool he posed as on the stump Tuesday evening. He knows very well that he can do none of the things he says he will do, but apparently thinks the voters are foolish enough to believe him. Wherein he is greatly mistaken, as he will learn on the evening of November 8.

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Every Democrat should get out and work for the success of the ticket. The game is being won.